Surgery is known as a painful experience that no one in their right mind would ever want to go through. Each moment leading up to it is filled with anxiety, accompanied with the hope of pain medication to dull ones painful reality.

The first thing the doctors will tell you is, “Don’t eat anything, at all, after twelve o’clock.” This becomes relatively easy to accomplish with the thought of, “hey I can just eat a big meal for dinner and will not be hungry in the morning.”

This methodical plan works, until about 9am the next morning, when you are frantically holding yourself back from trying to physically eat a McDonald’s breakfast commercial through your T.V.

Off to the hospital you go; it’s nervousness mixed with subtle anxiety. You will constantly tell yourself that it’s no big deal, that you will come through unscathed. But you can’t help think there will be an accidental switch up and you wake up with no right leg.

After you actually get to the hospital you what human beings have been doing their entire existence: wait. Wait to sign in, wait to be called upon and most of all wait for the five doctors you will see before the one that will perform the actual surgery.

The first couple doctors you see are some peppy interns who look as if they have just walked off the Myers Park campus. They will be fighting for the opportunity to speak, but not to you, just you things you probably have been told a million times, and just want to stand up slap them in the face and say, “do the surgery already…please.”

The anesthesiologist is next and he brings the fun with him. He hooks you up to the IV that everyone has seen countless times in every hospital show ever.

Once you seem supped up and ready to go, giving yourself silent motivational speeches and such, the surgeon walks through the door. Now you know what’s about to go down, he gives you’re parents some confidence talk, marks your stomach and is out the door. So you end up talking the least amount to the person that is cutting you open and “fixing you.”

Now it’s the real deal, the anesthesiologist walks in again puts some liquid in you and your out, hard.

You wake up sour, tired, and honestly drugged out of your mind. It’s like you’re floating on a cloud made of cotton candy and rainbows, for about twenty minutes, until nausea, pain, and confusion take over.

All you can do after that is sit back in your bed at home, pop a few Vicodin, and listen to your favorite Skrillex CD and to quote the famous Dr. John Kirklin, “Surgery is always second best. If you can do something else, it’s better.”